

A Nudge in the Right Direction

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A Nudge in the Right Direction

by [dontrollthedice](#)

Summary

There were a lot of things Sapnap was willing to do for his friends. A *lot* of things. Trust him, he just checked the list.

And apparently, killing his own partner in a Minecraft challenge video was one of them.

Notes

based off the speedrunner vs. two hunters video, but the other way around. isn't a real video, just a hypothetical one.

In some ways, all of them were the third wheel.

It was a strangely profound thought to have while you were playing Minecraft with your friends at —Sapnap glanced at the time—one in the morning, but he supposed that was nothing new. Reality after midnight ceased to exist.

First, while he loved and hated George and Dream equally, Dream had the tendency to run off somewhere and leave the other two in his trail to survive together. It happened in practically every video. It's come to the point where at least one argument in the first five minutes of recording was expected between Sapnap and George. To be fair though, he would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy their spats. George was one of his favorite people to tease, after all.

Sapnap's friendship with Dream was a bit less volatile (though not by a non-negligible amount). Sapnap watched Dream beat the speedrun world record. They played together almost every day on various servers. They were bros! The man had indirectly bought him Takis, for god's sake. That had to count for something.

And no dynamic could ever match the energy of Dream and George. That, Sapnap was certain of, especially now when he was seeing real proof of it.

"Oh, *George*," Dream called, the pitch of his coo swinging up and down. "I'm right behind you!"

George, to his credit, had survived the entire time Sapnap was zoned out. "Sapnap!" he said. "I'm running out of food, get him off me!"

This always happened. But even if they were the ones who were supposed to be hunted, that didn't make it any less funny to watch George beg for his help.

Should he expend the effort to move his fingers a few centimeters at most?

"Sapnap!"

He supposed he should.

Sapnap sprinted forward and knocked Dream down a hill.

"No!" Dream cried before turning to face Sapnap. His movement was slowed from the eating animation, allowing Sapnap a chance to catch up.

Now was their chance. Sapnap wasn't gonna be fooled by the intimidation bullshit again.

Sapnap swung his axe forward and winced when it hit Dream's shield. It's not like PVP was tricky on its own to him, but when his opponent had more armor than him and his partner wasn't ready to —

And George came bowling back into the battle like a meteor with a pickaxe in hand, taking Dream's attention off Sapnap for a moment.

Huh. He really wanted Dream's attention, didn't he? But it's not like he was good enough of a friend to sacrifice himself for Sapnap's sake...

Sapnap chuckled.

Okay. He saw what was going on here. He just figured maybe his friend would tell him if his friend developed a crush on someone, but this was to be expected.

Whatever. There were bigger things to worry about right now.

The fight between a guy in full iron armor with an axe and two guys with dyed leather caps (one of whom was using a damn pickaxe as a weapon) was much more tense than he would've expected. Dream was closer to death than he liked them to think, but he wasn't giving up his offensive in hopes he could drive at least one of them off. Weapons clashed against each other, armor chipped away, until finally, *finally*, the victor was announced.

"No!" Dream shouted right before his avatar disappeared. Armor and various blocks spilled out onto the ground, and experience orbs slowly drifted towards the survivors. A message in chat announced his death and subsequent respawn a couple thousand blocks away.

"Yes! Oh my god, yes!" George said as he picked up the items Dream dropped. Sapnap could practically hear the grin in his voice. "We have so much time now."

Dream groaned while George continued gloating.

Sapnap stayed quiet, thinking.

George was right; it would take Dream a while to make more armor and track them down, even with his compass. That was almost certainly enough time for the two to travel to the Nether and return with a good amount of blaze rods. If things traveled the trajectory they usually did, Dream would probably catch up to them and ambush them during the beginning of their enderpearl hunt. There were no deserts to speed up the process, after all (as far as Sapnap knew anyway). And George and Sapnap may be a dynamic team, but they certainly weren't the most efficient.

Even if Dream caught up to them, what would happen next? All the tools he had gathered were now theirs. They still had the bigger advantage over him (that is, if Dream didn't pull any stunts like he usually did. There was a significant non-zero chance of that happening that made Sapnap the tiniest bit nervous).

Victory would feel nice after Dream had won so many times. For both him and George.

But was victory really a fair trade-off for this?

No, it wasn't. Victory was nice, but so was watching his friends be happy. Sapnap loved his friends more than any fictional win conditions. He would do anything for them, even if it was vaguely playing matchmaker for a couple minutes in the most unconventional way possible.

He watched the sweep meter charge as he moused over George's avatar.

"We've gotta hurry," George said after sorting through his inventory. "Here, you take the—what the hell?"

One swing of his axe was enough for George's avatar to disappear and for his items to drop. Another death message was displayed in chat.

"Sapnap!" George yelled as Dream and Sapnap laughed. "You idiot! What's wrong with you? None of us made beds!"

Ah, respawn mechanics. They couldn't have spawned that far away from each other if nobody made beds. That would put more of Dream's attention on George.

Sapnap couldn't answer through his fit of laughter, but Dream was much worse off. Dream's laughter was distant, as if he had contorted his entire body around his chair. His wheezes were almost inaudible to the human ear and in the rare instance his laughs were actually audible, they were louder than George's screams at Sapnap.

"Revenge for last time," Sapnap said, a grin on his lips as he picked up all of George's items.

That wasn't the real reason. They both knew that wasn't the real reason.

Dream's laughter cut off abruptly, and his voice became much clearer. "Wait, you guys didn't make beds?"

Silence.

Then George screamed and the desperate tapping on his keyboard became audible.

“Come here, George!” Dream sang.

Sapnap could guess what was happening on the other side of the overworld.

Oh, well. He did his job, not because it was funny, but because he loved his friends. That gave him the privilege of doing whatever he wanted for at least the next ten minutes.

Sapnap moved a bucket of water into the first slot of his hotbar and sprinted towards the pool of lava a couple blocks in front of him. The process of creating a Nether portal while his friend screamed murder was a bit trickier, but he doubted a few seconds made that big of a difference while the other two were chasing each other around.

“Please, please, please, please,” George chanted under his breath as Dream’s taunts grew louder and louder. “Please! Sapnap, I hate you!”

Sapnap grinned and stepped into the lit Nether portal.

Okay. Maybe it was a *little* funny.

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